

Yesterday(s)

Yesterday in front of an amphitheatre of ageing brown ferns and sun kissed naked trees, sitting there with mist off my own back, I, in my own terms, thought of them as a perennial audience, listening to silent eulogies, catching stories reverberating ever since..The introductory act, the body's in-grained memory, announced my presence. Muscles stretched thoughts in reverse of the motivation to walk while finger-triggering absently on the camera, and its ever present deputy, the microphone. Too easy such an ecology - so random accumulated paths of flight from fantasy. I wondered if an archive could record so? When removed from location, the fragments on disc and in file represent.. Steps stamped order from perspective to site, while aspect aligned. I reached the point of my journey at the outcrop's edge for another season. The reason for return - to calibrate sight and hearing. There the hill wraps around vision and bearing peripheral left and right reads top to bottom of the gorge. Eyes are full and the ears mediate. In between myself and the crowd of ferns nothing but space, static sound. Water falls. Then blue, today, the sky is again grey. The performance remains.

Andrew Gryf Paterson, 20.12.2001.